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IN

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BY

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## HALVEI THE UNKNOWN.

*As performed at the City of London Theatre,  
September 30, 1848.*

### CHARACTERS.

PHILLIP D'ARVILLE, <i>an Advocate</i> . . . . .	Mr. W. MILBORNE.
LYONNET ST. CLAIRE, <i>a Gentleman of Fortune</i> . . . . .	Mr. GRANT.
HALVEI THE UNKNOWN . . . . .	Mr. HENRY HOWARD.
TRIPTOLEMUS JONQUILLE JOGINOT . . . . .	Mr. CIRENO.
JEAN MORET, <i>the Valet to St. Claire</i> . . . . .	Mr. W. PHILLIPS.
LOUIS, <i>an Officer of Gend'armerie</i> . . . . .	Mr. LEESON.
ADRIAN, <i>Clerk to D'Arville</i> . . . . .	Mr. G. LACEY.
FOOTMAN . . . . .	Mr.
CLARA ST. CLAIRE . . . . .	Miss ELIZA CLAYTON.
MADAME D'ARVILLE . . . . .	Mrs. LOVEDAY.
OCTAVIE . . . . .	Mrs. BROOKS.

### COSTUMES.

Period—1805. Place—Lyons.

D'ARVILLE.—Black suit, breeches, waistcoat, and cut off coat, black silk stockings, powder.

ST. CLAIRE.—Blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches, white silk stockings, powder. *2nd dress.*—Puce riding frock, white waistcoat, grey tights, top boots, broad brimmed round hat.

HALVEI.—Old frock coat, tattered trousers, fleshings and shoes, old hat. *2nd dress.*—Brown frock, leather tights, top boots.

JOGINOT.—Long tailed body coat, striped waistcoat, black breeches, white stockings, cocked hat, powder.

MORET.—Light striped coat, white waistcoat, nankeen breeches, striped stockings.

LOUIS.—Blue body coat with white facings, white breeches, and high boots, cocked hat.

ADRIAN.—Dark suit.

CLARA.—Handsome satin dress, jewels, powder. *2nd dress.*—White muslin, straw hat, black lace scarf.

MADAME.—Handsome silk dress, jewels, powder. *2nd dress.*—Pink silk.

OCTAVIE.—Plain neat blue silk, black silk apron, full cap.

**PROGRAMME OF THE SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.**

---

**ACT I.**

**ANTE-CHAMBER AND BALL-ROOM  
IN THE HOUSE OF ST. CLAIRE.**

Suspitions of a Wife's Fidelity—A jealous Wife and her victim  
Husband—Food for the Yellow Fiend—Joginôt learns a Secret—  
Arrival of the Unknown.

**THE MYSTERY.**

**MADAME ST. CLAIRE'S BOUDOIR.**

The Painful Interview—A Dearly Purchased Silence—The  
Assassin and his Victim—A Return from the Grave—The Galley  
Slave Triumphant—The Husband's Doubts again aroused—and

**TABLEAU OF CONSTERNATION.**

---

**ACT II.**

**THE OFFICE OF D'ARVILLE.**

The Honest Lawyer and his Angry Wife—The Appearance of  
the Unknown—He Disposes of his Wife, overwhelmed by the  
honest firmness of the Faithful Friend—The Thief pursues his  
Profession—A Cloak for Knavery—Despair of Clara—Her Rescue  
by the Hand of Friendship—Unexpected Arrival of St. Claire—  
Concealment and Narrow Escape of Clara—The Husband reveals  
his Suspicions—The Wife's Agony—The Jealousy of Madame  
D'Arville—Joginôt learns another Secret, but does not keep it—  
Climax of Dismay—All Revealed, and Frenzied Attempt upon  
the Life of his Friend.

Halves the Unknown—3.

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## **ACT III.**

### **GARDEN OF ST. CLAIRE'S HOUSE.**

Interview of the Heartbroken Wife with her Deceived Husband  
—His Determination to Separate from her for ever.

### **STREET IN LYONS.**

The Ruined Gamester—Joginôt in High Triumph—He Gains  
Another Secret, and Loses his Money—Which is the Thief?—  
Never Judge by Appearances—Joginôt Seized by the Gen's-  
darmes—Escape of the Unknown.

### **GARDEN OF ST. CLAIRE BY NIGHT.**

The Parting Interview of St. Claire and his Wretched Wife.

### **THE APPOINTED DUEL**

OR

### **DEATH TO ONE OR BOTH.**

### **DISTRACTION OF CLARA.**

THE RETRIBUTIVE BULLET.

### **THE MYSTERY REVEALED,**

AND

### **DEATH OF HALVEI,**

### **THE MURDERER AND GALLEY SLAVE OF LYONS.**

Halvei the Unknown—4.

*This Drama is the property of Thomas Hailes Lacy.*

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## HALVEI THE UNKNOWN.



### ACT FIRST.

**SCENE FIRST.**—*An Antechamber to a Ball Room, in the House of St. Claire. Large folding doors, c., open, displaying ball, brilliantly lighted up—a chair on stage.*

*Music—Enter JEAN, cautiously, L.*

**JEAN.** I haven't been able to see master yet, and when I do see him, my information won't please him. Poor soul! since he has turned jealous of his wife, all the happiness he used to enjoy is gone, and yet he can't positively find out that she is guilty. That's a very wonderful thing! especially, considering he has the advantage of having in his employ so shrewd and inquiring a mind as that possessed by Jean Morêt! But here he comes!

*Enter ST. CLAIRE, R. 2 E.*

**ST. C.** The guests are beginning to arrive, and I must be prepared to greet them with a smiling face, although my heart throbs with agony! Oh, Clara—Clara! were I but assured of your innocence—nay, did I but know for certain of your guilt—even that maddening discovery would be relief to this dreadful state of doubt. I cannot help harping on the odious theme! When I know all, I may be an object of pity—sooner than that, I'd—

**JEAN.** Sir!

**ST. C. (R.)** Ha! you here! Now, sir, speak, has my wife been out again to-day?

**JEAN. (L.)** All the morning, sir—while you were at your office, she was absent from her home.

**ST. C.** Great heaven!

JEAN. When she returned, I could perceive she had been weeping. When she left the house, I had a great mind to follow her, but that you had forbidden me.

ST. C. You did right not to follow her—I will have no spying upon my wife. Away! (*going up*)

JEAN. I go, sir! (*aside*) What a fortunate thing it is for master that he has got in his employ so clever a servant.

*Exit, L.*

ST. C. (*advances*) I will be satisfied—ay, and to-morrow shall decide me. She shall explain this mystery, or we part. She is here! (*goes L.*)

*Music—Enter CLARA from the ball-room—she has a letter in her hand.*

CLARA. (R.) As usual! a note of excuse from D'Arville—his wife is ill! of course, she will not let him come.

ST. C. She is very jealous of her husband!

CLARA. Oh, very—it is positively ridiculous to see it. He cannot speak to another woman without her fancying that he is making love to her. What a very contemptible passion jealousy is!

ST. C. Sometimes; for instance, as in her case; but where a loving husband has reasonable cause to doubt his wife, it ceases to be contemptible, and in reality becomes agony.

CLARA. (*aside*) That was meant for me. Oh, wretched Clara! thy dearly prized happiness totters to its fall.

*Enter FOOTMAN, L. 2 E.*

FOOTMAN. Monsieur and Madame D'Arville. (*bows*)

ST. C. D'Arville!

CLARA. They are come, then.

*Enter D'ARVILLE and MADAME, L. 2 E.*

*Exit FOOTMAN, L. 2 E.*

My dear madame—my dear sir, I am charmed to see you.

(*all shake hands.*)

ST. C. After your note, this pleasure was unexpected.

D'AR. Why, my dear friend, you see—

MADAME. (*interrupts*) Yes, you see that afterwards I got a little better, and as my dear husband appeared to wish so particularly to come to your party this evening, why I resolved not to disappoint him.

ST. C. And quite right, too.

MADAME. (R.—*aside*) I am certain he is come here to see some woman. If I can find out who it is, I'll tear her eyes out.

(*the other three have been talking together, and now laugh.*)

CLARA. A most singular and amusing being, certainly.

MADAME. Who is that, pray?

CLARA. Your friend Jotinôt, who thinks every woman he sees is in love with him, and talks of nothing but dancing!

St. C. He quite amuses us! We expect him here to-night.

D'AR. Then a bit of fun is certainly in store for us.

St. C. Come, let us join the dances. Madame D'Arville permit me—D'Arville, take charge of my wife.

(*Music—MADAME takes St. CLAIR's arm—CLARA that of D'ARVILLE—they go up—St. CLAIR and MADAME first; they exeunt C., which the other two perceiving, come down hastily.*)

CLARA. (*agitated*) Tell me, my friend, is there hope for me?

D'AR. Everything will be decided to-morrow. He has received your note, telling him to be at my office at twelve o'clock, and says he will be there. You call at one, and you shall know the result.

CLARA. Oh, what will become of me if he does not comply. My husband already suspects with jealous fear; and if he leaves me I shall perish.

D'AR. Be composed—rely on me—I have no doubt I can buy this villain's secrecy. (*she weeps*) Pray be calm, the more especially as I have something to tell you which will require all your fortitude.

CLARA. (*starts*) Ha! speak on!

D'AR. He is watching, outside this house, at this moment.

CLARA. He! who?

D'AR. The man you dread—I mean Hal—

CLARA. (*interrupts hurriedly*) Hush! mention not that name! what can be his object?

D'AR. I fear to get admittance to this house.

CLARA. Oh, Heaven!

D'AR. Be not alarmed! I merely mentioned this circumstance to prevent his unexpected presence from frightening you. I do not myself think it possible for him to enter the house, for as I came in I cautioned the servants, most particularly, to be careful whom they admitted.

MADAME D'ARVILLE appears, c.—*she starts.*

MADAME. Alone with Madame St. Claire! Why, it never can be she!

CLARA. Oh, my best, my only friend, how can I thank you?

MADAME. Gracious me!

D'AR. It was to see you that I so particularly wished to come hither this evening.

MADAME. I shall burst!

D'AR. Knowing that what I had to tell, would relieve your mind.

CLARA. Generous man! a thousand thanks!

D'AR. Let us now rejoin the dancers, lest our absence be noticed. My wife—

MADAME. (*comes down, c., with mock dignity*) Is here!

CLARA. My dear Madame D'Arville we were just about to enter the ball room.

MADAME. Were you, *madame*. (*aside*) But I'll restrain myself. (*very loudly*) Ahem—ahem! (*crosses L.*)

CLARA. (*aside*) Another of her odd fits of jealousy! I'll leave them—her husband will soothe her. Forgive my leaving you, but I must attend to my guests. Pray follow me to the ball!

*Music—Exit c.*

MADAME. Now we are alone—now, sir, explain your conduct.

D'AR. Explain what conduct, madame?

MADAME. Your conduct with regard to Madame St. Claire.

D'AR. My conduct with regard to Madame St. Claire? Well, that is easily explained. I am transacting some business for her.

MADAME. Transacting business, indeed!

D'AR. Very private business.

MADAME. Very private, no doubt.

D'AR. So private that it must not even be hinted at. Hark'ye, madame, a word in your ear. Your causeless, senseless jealousy not only renders me very unhappy, but actually injures my practice.

MADAME. I want to put a stop to such practice.

D'AR. You will put a stop to my practice as a lawyer, and that very soon, if you continue this practice of yours.

MADAME. You quite neglect your poor wife.

D'AR. Pshaw!

MADAME. Go gadding about to other women.

D'AR. I never speak to other women except upon business.

MADAME. And leave poor me at home by myself.

D'AR. I never go out without you.

MADAME. I am going to have an attack in the nerves.

D'AR. Oh, the devil!

MADAME. Now it's changing to hysterics.

D'AR. Oh, the doctor! (*MADAME screams*) Now, now, my dear wife!

MADAME. (*stops weeping suddenly*) Why do you neglect me, then?

D'AR. I don't neglect you.

MADAME. I tell you what, sir—(*JOGINOT sings without, L.*)

D'AR. Hush—hush! here comes Jotinôt.

MADAME. Well, well—then for the present I have done. But when I get you safe at home, won't I give you a good talking to?

D'AR. (*sighs deeply*) Oh, dear!

TRIPTOLEMUS. (*without*) Ay, ay, that will do—I'll find my way, I promise you.

*Enter TRIPTOLEMUS JOGENOT, L.*

Here am I—the delight of the saloons of Lyons—the envy of the men—the pet of the women—the—ah! (*patronizingly*) D'Arville, how do—how do? ah, madame I salute you. (*aside*) That's one of the women who adores me.

D'AR. (*aside*) I shall be glad to get away. Jotinôt, take care of my wife, will you! I must return to the dancers.

*Exit, C. D.*

MADAME. (*aside*) He's after some other woman now.

TRIPTO. (*aside*) What a fool to leave me alone with his wife, when he must know very well that the poor thing has got a penchant for me. She's looking at my leg—I'll exhibit.

(*hums carelessly and turns a pirouette.*)

MADAME. (*aside*) To leave me with such a monkey as that, too!

TRIPTO. (*aside*) She's smitten—I knew she would be—go it again, Jotinôt. (*pirouettes again*)

MADAME. (*aside*) The little idiot is bewitched. Amid all my troubles, I cannot forbear laughing at him.

TRIPTO. She smiles—I've made an impression. Now's the time for a grand coup de main. (*falls on one knee*) Madame, I adore you.

MADAME. Sir!

TRIPTO. Yes, I adore the ground you tread upon.

MADAME. Then really, sir, you had better tell my husband.

TRIPTO. Tell her husband! oh, yes, of course I shall do that—I mean of course I shan't do that. Now to play off my great gun! Stay, madame, don't go away for a moment, I beg.

MADAME. Well, proceed, sir! (*aside*) I may as well hear what the coxcomb has to say.

TRIPTO. Then, madame, listen—your husband—

MADAME. Yes, my husband—

TRIPTO. Oh, I can't proceed—it's so affecting. (*weeps*)

MADAME. Good gracious!

TRIPTO. You are an ill-used woman.

MADAME. What, have others perceived it?

TRIPTO. The inconstancy of your husband—

MADAME. Everybody sees my unhappy situation. (*aside*) Even this booby.

TRIPTO. (*aside*) I'm getting on swimmingly. Revenge yourself in the proper way, most injured of women.

MADAME. (*aside*) This is the first time I was aware that other persons noticed the fact—it is now evident—I am not deceived.

TRIPTO. Deign to give me hope.

MADAME. (*aside*) I will! Well, Monsieur, you may hope.

TRIPTO. (*aside*) A million of congratulations to myself.

MADAME. But let us part now. Farewell! (*after a pause, during which they look at each other*) Farewell, dear Joginôt! (*aside*) I'll humour this noodle until I have an opportunity of bringing him face to face with my husband. *Exit C. D.*

TRIPTO. It's done—it's settled! of course it's done—decidedly it's settled. Where's the woman who can resist me, I should like to know—me, Andromache Joginôt. (*Music within*) They are dancing away. How mad the girls are—no doubt at my not being with them. I'll let them see I'm here, to tantalise them.

(*goes up dancing and passes through C., out of sight—GUESTS are seen waltzing within—Music at first piano, then as DANCERS appear, forte—they cross and exeunt, and it then sinks into piano again, till HALVEI speaks without, then changes into a short hurry as he enters.*)

HALVEI. (*without, L. D.*) In the ball-room, say ye! Well, no need to announce me.

!Enters, dressed in handsome cloak and hat, his own rags beneath.

So, so! thanks to these admirable qualities, coolness and impudence, I have obtained entrance to this splendid mansion; I was a plaguy long while about it, though; and shouldn't have done it, after all, but for a devilish clever trick. This fine cloak and hat I contrived to borrow from the adjoining ante-room. where they were carelessly thrown over a chair back, near the open window, beneath which, concealed among the bushes, I was lying in ambush. The old proverb truly says, "Fine feathers make fine birds." Egad! I've found it so—the slaves bowed and cringed as if I'd been a marquis or a duke. Well, on my honour, this is a very cozy, comfortable place. (*sits*) I really think that my taste for comfort has been improved by seven years transportation. However, for the present, mum, about that.

Now, then, to reconnoitre. Ha! (*sees JOGINOT*) Ha! (*hastily produces pistol*) I'll not be taken to prison again without bloodshed, any how!

TRIPTOLEMUS JOGINOT comes down dancing, from c.

TRIPTO. (*humming*) La, la, la, la, la! Precious vexed the girls are, no doubt. Well, now I've had my joke—now I've set them all longing, now I'll go to delight them with my company. (*goes to doors in flat, which are suddenly closed in his face from behind*) Hollo! here—I say, that's polite—somebody's put my nose out of joint. I'll revenge myself—I'll go away without another word, and leave them all to weep in disappointment. (*sees HALVEI hiding behind chair*) Why who the devil? (*HALVEI, finding he is seen, rises*) No, it's not the devil, but (*Chord—HALVEI rises behind the chair in his rags, and seats himself, L. C.*) I really believe it's one of his imps.

HALVEI. Good evening!

TRIPTO. (R.) Good evening. (*aside*) It's a man, I believe, but I'm not exactly taken with his appearance.

HALVEI. Come hither! Can you keep a secret?

TRIPTO. (*aside*) What's coming now? Oh, yes, I can.

HALVEI. Then hark'ye—don't you tell anybody that you've seen me here to-night.

TRIPTO. Oh! (*aside*) He's a thief, come to rob the house.

HALVEI. If you refuse to keep this secret—

TRIPTO. Yes, if I refuse to keep this secret—well—

HALVEI. Why, then—

TRIP. What then—?

HALVEI. (*the foregoing part of the dialogue in a whisper—loud and fiercely*) You die!

TRIPTO. (*staggers in R. corner*) What did you say! repeat that once again.

HALVEI. What! don't you understand me! listen, then,—I have particular reasons for wishing my presence to be kept a secret, and if you dare to speak of it, you die, sir, by my hand. (*presents pistol.*)

TRIPTO. Eh? what—what, is it possible—di—die by your hand!

HALVEI. You do, upon my soul!

TRIPTO. Upon my soul, that's agreeable! to come to a friend's house to spend a pleasant evening, and to be told by one of the party that I'm to—(*imitates*) die by his hand!

HALVEI. Decide!

TRIPTO. I have!

HALVEI. To keep the secret!

TRIPTO. Yes, after the convincing reason you have assigned, I will keep the secret; I may say I will keep it with my life. (*aside*) If I lose it, I shall lose my life.

HALVEI. Enough! do me the favour to sit down there, and remain there for ten minutes—do you hear! (*points pistol*)

TRIPTO. Yes, and I see. (*alluding to pistol—sits, L. C.*)

HALVEI. Remember!

TRIPTO. Remember! I couldn't forget, if I tried!

HALVEI. 'Tis well! now to see if I can find the way to my lady's chamber. Clara, I'll wring thy heart—ay, and wring gold—ruddy gold from it, too—Yet stay, monsieur—my dear monsieur, a thousand pardons; I have not the honour of being known to you, and feel that I have acted somewhat rudely—you have kindly consented to remain in the chair for the space of ten minutes—the night is advancing, and the breeze is rather chilly. Permit me to attire you in this cloak and hat. (*does so*) You're welcome, sir, as if they were your own. Nay, no refusal, (*pistol*) I insist upon it; and now, one word at parting, my dear sir: As a man of honour, you are pledged to secrecy; If you should *break* that pledge, allow me once again to assure you that, though it will grieve me much—yes, *very much indeed*—I'll blow your brains out! I speak, you see, with perfect candour, as one gentleman should do in addressing another. And now, monsieur, I have the honour to be your most obedient—most devoted, and most humble slave. Aha—ahem!

*Exit R. Music—As soon as he is gone, JOGINOT looks round and runs out hastily, L. 1 E.—Lights down—(clear stage)*

SCENE SECOND.—*An Ante-chamber to Clara's Bedroom.*

*A circular scene—a large window, L. 1 E. before which are hanging curtains—the chamber is elegantly fitted up—there are chairs, tables, handsome looking-glass, and a bureau, R. 1 E.—R. 3 E. a door with practicable lock—stage dark.*

*Enter OCTAVIE, from door, C., with two lighted candles—stage light.*

OCTAVIE. (*puts lights on table*) There! all is prepared, and my mistress may go to bed as soon as ever she thinks fit; and that, I dare say, will not be long first, so I'll wait in the bedroom, to be ready to attend upon her. *Music—Exit, D. C.*

HALVEI peeps in, door, R. 3 E., then enters cautiously.

HALVEI. This surely is her dressing-room and a devilish pretty snuggery it is, too! And so she lives here in luxury while I have been working at the galleys. It's very wrong—very wrong it is. However, I possess the power to alter all this, and I mean to do it. What's this—a bureau! (*opens it*) Fine dresses—lace—a jewel box, I declare! (*takes it*) Yes, these must be jewels. (*shakes it*) How pretty they ring! Now, really, it is very silly of people to leave such valuable things about, and so many prowling vagabonds of thieves always on the look-out! I shall take care of it for her. Ha, footsteps! I must not be seen. (*hastily pockets box and closes bureau*) Where can I hide? these curtains—what do they conceal? (*runs up steps and draws them aside*) A window—that's lucky! it is but a short distance from the ground, so if the worst comes to the worst, I can jump out, and so escape that way. The sound again! (*Music—Hides behind the curtains*)

Enter CLARA, R. 3 E.

CLARA. Our guests are fast departing. My husband must entertain those who yet remain, while I seek the welcome quiet of my couch. Octavie—Octavie! what a whirl does this dreadful secret create in my throbbing brain! If it be not soon arranged, I fear I shall go frantic! Octavie! where does the girl linger?

Enter OCTAVIE, D. C.

OCTAVIE. I beg pardon, madame—but I think I was half asleep.

CLARA. I will go to bed now.

OCTAVIE. Very well, madame, all is ready. (*goes D. F.*)

HALVEI peeps from behind curtain on side nearest CLARA.

HALVEL. Clara! *A Chord—He instantly disappears.*

CLARA. (*half screams*) Great Heaven! That voice! heard you nothing?

OCTAVIE. Nothing, madame!

CLARA. I must have fancied the dreadful sound, then. My mind is filled to overflowing with fearful imaginings. Show me to my room.

(*Music—OCTAVIE takes the candles, and goes to R. D. 3 E.—as CLARA, who is still half frightened, turns to follow—HALVEI peeps from behind curtains for a moment—CLARA screams violently—OCTAVIE puts candles down again, hastily, on table, runs to her, and supports her*)

OCTAVIE. Oh, madame, you are ill!

CLARA. A sudden faintness—I am better now! Leave me—leave me instantly. I have changed my mind—I will read for an hour. Leave me, Octavie—when I have need of your services, I will ring.

OCTAVIE. Very well, madame.

*Exit, R. 3 R.*

*(after she is gone, CLARA pauses for a moment, and then, with sudden and hurried resolution, runs to door, and locks it wildly)*

CLARA. Now for this dreadful interview! Let me summon all my resolution to face this hateful being. Come forth! if any unseen man be lurking in the vicinity of the chamber of the wife of Lyonnet St. Claire, let him now stand forth, and state his purpose.

*A Chord—HALVEI comes forward—she covers her eyes with her hands.*

HALVEI. Behold him! The wife of Lyonnet St. Claire! Ha, ha, ha! you mean the concubine of St. Claire—his mistress! his wife you are not. Well, well do you know you are the wife of Halvei?

CLARA. (R.) They told me you were dead.

HALVEI. (C.) They told a very great lie, then—never was more alive in all my life than I am now. So far from being dead, I'm not even asleep. No, dearest, I'm alive, and wide awake.

CLARA. You were sent to the galleys for life.

HALVEI. That's very true, my love—but you see, I've managed to escape.

CLARA. And have ventured to Lyons—the very place of all others where you are most likely to be recognised, and recaptured.

HALVEI. I'll tell you how that is, Clara, my blessed little wife. *(she shudders)* Men can't live without food—food ain't to be had without money—the only place where I am likely to get money is Lyons—to Lyons, therefore, am I come, running all the risks which, as you justly say, are here as plentiful as need be—yet, Clara, hither did I come, thinking how delighted my dear and amiable wife would be to see me.

CLARA. Wretch!

HALVEI. And behold, I find her married—married to another, to whom she has borne, as I am told, two lovely, blooming children. *(pretends to weep)* Yes, it's too true—she has forsaken me, and trampled on all the generous feelings of my innocent

and tender nature; and not content with this, she has had—Oh, misery! she has had two children—by another father. Oh, 'tis too much—'tis heart rending!

CLARA. Halvei, between you and me such words as these are folly! You never cared for me, nor I for you—you married me for my fortune.

HALVEI. Now, now, my life and soul, now don't say that—don't tax me with such mercenary motives—don't; you really hurt my feelings.

CLARA. Villain and hypocrite, still as you have ever been. I married you because my guardian insisted upon it, and frightened my timid nature with dreadful threats. I was a mere child when we were wedded. No sooner was my money in your possession, than I was neglected, or regarded as a puppet—a few months at the gaming table served to dissipate my fortune—then came misery and destitution—crime followed—at last—oh, horror! you committed murder.

HALVEI. My dearest love, why will you call things by such ugly names? Murder! 'Tis true, the worthy old banker, of whom I requested in the politest manner, the loan of his watch, his purse, &c., refused to accommodate me; and, 'tis true, that in the struggle which ensued, his venerable head received an awkward blow—but what then, dearest?—he was very old—he was a good man too—his white hairs seemed the emblems of a pure and virtuous life!—he was, indeed, on the high road to Heaven—I only helped him on his journey. Surely, my love, this was a Christian-like and charitable act; and how was I rewarded?

CLARA. For this most vile and cowardly murder, wretch, you were very properly sent to the galleys for life.

HALVEI. Yes, and now I've very properly come out of the galleys, and, like a dutiful and loving husband, I've come to claim my life. Come, Clara, give me a kiss.

CLARA. Villain, forbear!

HALVEI. What, mustn't a man kiss his own wife? Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed! Well, we shall see how it will end! (*takes three chairs and lies at full length along them*) Here I shall stay all night.

CLARA. Oh, madness!

HALVEI. And I shall take very good care that no impudent scoundrel enters the room of my wife.

CLARA. What's to be done?

HALVEI. Decidedly I'm *not* to be "done." If Monsieur St. Claire should present himself, I shall say to him, "Sir, that

woman is my wife—let her deny it if she can. It is true she has been living with you as your wife, but she is not so. It is true she has two children, but they are bastards."

CLARA. Hold—in mercy, hold!

HALVEI. (*coolly—still seated, c.*) What will the world say when your perfidy is exposed? The excuse of my death! Ha, ha, ha! a pretext to shield you from punishment for breaking your marriage vow, and living in adultery. Come, I'll be candid with you; I left the galleys with the firm resolution to make your present position subservient to my interests. Monsieur St. Claire is rich—you understand—I'm poor; of course, as he loves you so tenderly, he has every confidence in you. Cash, jewels, plate, are at your disposal, eh, dear?

CLARA. What do you mean?

HALVEI. In plain terms, this secret, on which your honour and happiness, nay, perhaps your very life depends, is in my keeping—make it worth my while to let it remain so—your infamy, you know, is glaring—it stares me in the face clear as the sun at noon day; but were you to sprinkle gold dust in my eyes it might have the effect of closing them. What, don't you comprehend me?—really, my dear, you have grown very stupid. I see, my language, like my dear wife's love, must be quite unmistakeable. Well, then, supply me from the funds of this St. Claire—in one word, steal from him enough to make life pleasant, and easy to me for the future: or with the means which I possess, and which you dare not oppose, I'll blast your reputation: and then, banished from this splendour, you will become as vile, poor, and as friendless as myself.

CLARA. (*with desperation*) Monster! People say that when a coward is so placed, that death must follow, unless defence be made, the craven one fights with a tiger's fury—so it is with me—you torture my timid heart so with your fearful words, that you have changed me from the coward to the tigress.

HALVEI. Hah! 'pon my soul it seems so! A tigress, eh? I have heard passionate men compared to lions, bears, and wolves, but there's only *one* thing that's like an angry woman, and that's the devil himself.

CLARA. (R. C.) Halvei, beware of me! Leave the house instantly—this very moment leave the house, or else, with frantic cries, I'll rouse it's inmates, and when they come, will at once denounce thee. Yes, I will say, there stands Halvei, he who has committed a thousand robberies, who murdered his benefactor, who was sentenced for life to the galleys, who is an escaped convict—seize the assassin, and let him be taken back to his prison. (*a pause—he regards her with perfect sang froid*)

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*and hums a tune*) Insulting villain! one moment longer, and I'll keep my word.

HALVEI. Oh, no, my darling, you won't do anything of the kind—for by so doing, you would ruin yourself.

CLARA. I care not. Rather than live the slave of such a monster, I will risk everything—danger, disgrace—ay, death—I'll take the chance of all. (*crosses, L.*)

HALVEI. (*aside, quickly*) Ha, hold—I have gone too far here. And your children!

CLARA. (*L.—bursts into tears*) My children! Oh, my children!

HALVEI. Um, so far so good. (*aside*) Ay, that's the weapon! there I have her safe. Clara, are you yet to learn the fate of those unhappy, helpless, wretched babes, whom the law calls "illegitimate." Though guiltless of their parents' crimes, it is the usage of our civilised and Christian land to treat them something worse than dogs, as something far beneath their fellow-creatures in the scale of being. Dare you contemplate, even for a moment, what would be your children's doom—and *yours*, were I to reveal your secret? Listen—I'll paint to you those who would think you the proud and lawful *wife* of this St. Claire, will know and scorn you as his dishonoured and degraded *mistress*. Your children, who are now so fondly caressed by all the crowd of parasites and sycophants that throng your gay saloons, will be avoided with disgust, and loathing; and more than all, the man you *call* your husband, will think you only a designing wretch, who, for the sake of his fortune, entrapped him into marriage—thus, undeceiv'd, his love will turn to hate—he'll spurn you as a harlot from his doors, and your children will be left to starve and perish in the public streets.

CLARA. Oh, horror—horror—horror! (*sinks into chair, c.—a pause*)

HALVEI. Um! so far so good. I don't think she'll resist that pretty picture of domestic misery! Come, my dear creature, you must see it will be wise to *avoid* this sad alternative. (*CLARA sobs*) I hear, too, that your children are both girls—if so, it makes the matter worse. Alas, what will their sufferings be? Poor things, I can't help weeping at the thought!

(*wipes his eyes.*)

CLARA. Monster! fiend! torturer! You triumph—my children conquer me! What is the amount of your demands for silence and absence?

Well, well—there, I'm anxious to oblige you in everything, so

HALVEI. First, come hither, and let me give you a chaste kiss

I give that up. Clara, it is not right that you, my *unfaithful* wife, should be living in luxury, while I, your *faithful* husband—since I've been in the galleys—should be steeped in the dregs of poverty. (*she runs hastily to bureau—takes jewel box from it, and comes down*) Humph! I thought the cash would come at last.

CLARA. (*gives box*) Here is gold, and matchless jewels too—take them—take them all—they form a little fortune. Go—go, without a moment's delay—I expect my husband every moment now.

HALVEI. Your husband! ha, ha, ha!

CLARA. Oh, go this instant!

HALVEI. I must have more than this!

CLARA. You shall.

HALVEI. In England, as I have heard, a man will sell his rib for a shilling, but the price is higher here—I must have at least a thousand pounds for my blessed little wife—I cannot think of insulting her by valuing her charms at less.

CLARA. At twelve to-morrow, go to the advocate, Monsieur D'Arville, at the place I named in my note.

HALVEI. I will.

CLARA. Now go. How came you into this house?

HALVEI. I came in through that door, but I shall go *out* through the widow for *your* sake as well as mine. It's better to avoid all impertinent questions.

CLARA. It is but a short distance from the ground.

HALVEI. Oh, I can manage it—it is a fine moonlight night. When I was escaping from the galleys I learnt a thing or two in the art of climbing—don't you be alarmed, my dear, I'll take great care of myself, for your precious sake. Good night. (*aside*) Now I'm off—yet no, I'll stay one minute, just to have a peep at this Monsieur St. Clare. If it were not that he's better dressed than me, I'd wager a louis to a franc, that I'm much the better looking fellow of the two. She didn't think so—but, lord love her taste! Ha, footsteps! Quick—these curtains will conceal me. - *Music—Hides behind curtains.*

CLARA. (*looking round*) Is the wretch gone? He is! Heaven be praised! How confused are my thoughts—how heated seems the chamber! I fear I—I shall faint. (*knocking at door*) Come in. 'Tis St. Claire—in another moment I shall be safely shielded in his arms. (*knocking, R. D.*) Ah, I have locked the door—I had forgotten that. How faint I am—I almost fear I cannot find my way to it.

(*Soft Music till fall of drop, ending in a Chord—She attempts to go to door, but faints, and falls to the stage*)

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## Act 2. HALVEI THE UNKNOWN.

19

ST. CLAIRE. (*without*) Clara, Clara! (*short pause*) Open the door, Clara! There is some mystery here. Open the door, else will I force it open. Clara! (*door shakes—at last the lock breaks*)

*Enter* ST. CLAIRE, OCTAVIE, and SERVANTS, R. D.—*they betray great surprise.*

What's this? my wife insensible! (*raises her in his arms*)

OCTAVIE. I feared my mistress was ill.

ST. C. Revive, my Clara! (*she revives slowly*)

CLARA. Where am I? whose arms are these around me? Ha! (*screams violently*) I remember—I remember! Loose me—loose me! I will not be held by you—I have already forbidden you to approach me. (*struggles with ST. CLAIRE*) You shall not separate me from my husband—I have done with you for ever. St. Claire! St. Claire! why do you not come to save your unhappy wife?

ST. C. (*very quickly*) My suspicions, then, are correct.

CLARA. (*screams*) That voice! 'tis he! My husband—my husband!

*Music—She faints—he catches her in his arms. At this moment HALVEI draws aside curtain to gaze at them—which he does unseen. The moonlight falls very strongly on his face and figure, and on stage.—Tableau.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

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## ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*D'Arville's Office, Tables, &c.—books scattered about—three or four elegantly bound volumes conspicuous—windows, R. 1. E.—door, L. 2 E.—a large easy chair L. of table—another chair R. of table—at back, near C., a large screen, L. Bell rings.*

*Enter* CLERK, followed by JEAN, R. D. in F.

JEAN. Your master not arrived?

CLERK. No, he is not.

JEAN. He is very late to day?

CLERK. He is.

JEAN. (*aside*) This is a poor stupid fellow! How thankful master ought to be for the treasure he has got in Jean Morêt. I'll wait a minute or two.

CLERK. Very well. (*goes to table and arranges papers*)

JEAN. There's an ignoramus! That fellow hasn't got two ideas to rub together. Well, well, it would be ridiculous to expect often to meet with such a man as Jean Morêt. Ahem! Madame D'Arville as jealous as ever, eh?

CLERK. I don't know—I never inquire into things that don't concern me.

JEAN. Well I declare—a regular pump! I'll be bound the fellow knows no more of his master's secrets than I do of the moon. Deary me! he's quite a disgrace to the profession!

CLERK. There's master. (*bell.*) *Crosses and exits, R. D. F.*

JEAN. A perfect spoon! (*imitates*) "I never inquire into things that don't concern me." The idiot! (*produces letter*) Here's a letter from my master to Monsieur D'Arville. I can't think what it's about. (*tries to peep into it*) Confound all the people that invent such twisting and twirling of the paper—give me the good old mode of folding letters—when a faithful servant, by means of a little invention and tact, might read every word in it without crumpling it in the least. (*puts it to his eye again*)

*Enter D'ARVILLE, hastily, R. D. F., followed by CLERK—JEAN hastily changes position.*

D'AR. (*throwing cloak over chair back, R., hat on table*) Monsieur St. Claire's servant waiting with a letter for me?

CLERK. Yes, sir. *Exit, R. 2 E.*

D'AR. (*comes down*) Ah, Jean, it is you, I perceive.

JEAN. Sir, I have the honour to be Jean Morêt. (*aside*) And a very great honour I consider it to be.

D'AR. (*takes letter*) What has St. Claire to write to me about? We did not part until nearly three this morning. (*opens letter and reads—during which JEAN makes divers efforts to peep over his shoulder, and is nearly discovered*) "I must see you with as little delay as possible—I have that to communicate which will occasion you much grief." Ha! "Besides which, I need your professional assistance. Adieu." Good Heaven! what has occurred? Surely he has not discovered—If it be so—po or Madame St. Claire! You may go, Jean—tell your master I shall be at home all the afternoon.

JEAN. Very well, sir. (*aside*) He does not give me any

money—shabby fellow! As the old proverb tells us, “Like master, like man.” They’re a couple of persons utterly unworthy the notice of such a man as Jean Morêt.

*Exit, R. D. F.*

D’AR. (*sits in easy chair*) This letter has vexed me much—I will read it over again.

*Enter MADAME D’ARVILLE, unobserved, R. D. F.*

MADAME. I was going close in the neighbourhood, so thought I would just peep in and see if there was any woman with my husband. There he is—quite alone—that’s right.

D’AR. I cannot understand it.

MADAME. (*aside*) What’s he pondering over?

D’AR. Poor Clara!

MADAME. (*aside*) Clara! my suspicions revive.

D’AR. If St. Claire should ever discover the secret, it will ruin her.

MADAME. (*aside*) Oh dear, I do feel so faint.

D’AR. Matters must be put in train to-day. When she comes here we will endeavour to effect an arrangement.

MADAME. So, she’s coming here to-day, is she? Very well—then, please the pigs, I’ll make one of that party.

*She goes out, unseen, R. D. F.*

D’AR. Every moment I expect my unwelcome visitor. I must be firm with him. (*a tap at door, R.*) Come in. ’Tis he.

*(Music—He sits L. of table.)*

*Chord—Enter HALVEI, R. D. F.*

HALVEI. Good morning—nice day?

D’AR. Very.

HALVEI. (*puts his cap on table, R.*) Are you pretty well this morning? (*sits opposite to D’ARVILLE*)

D’AR. Quite so!

HALVEI. Do you know who I am?

D’AR. I can guess!

HALVEI. Here is a letter I have received from Madame St. Claire, as she is called—ha, ha, ha!—directing me to come hither.

D’AR. (*rises and comes forward, L.*) It is her writing; this, then, is, as I suspected, the man she dreads. He is no doubt, a thorough ruffian. I hardly know how to deal with him—with everything to gain and nought to lose, except a miserable life, which, in his present state, is scarcely worth preserving, he is prepared for any desperate stroke. Well, caution—caution and coolness are my weapons. Money is assuredly his object,

but in thus seeking to obtain it, he places himself in a position so perilous that he will certainly be glad to come to my terms. Yes, yes, I now see the policy to be pursued.

*(crosses to R., and goes stage to resume his seat—During this speech, HALVEI rises, looks at books on table and seats himself in the easy chair—D'ARVILLE going to sit down and finds him in the chair.)*

D'AR. How!

HALVEI. *(L. of table)* Oh, dear! I'm afraid I've got your chair—pray take it—nay, I beg you will—well just as you please. As you wish it so much, why, I'll e'en keep it. *(D'ARVILLE turns away and sits R. of table—aside)* He must see, in spite of my clothes, that in manners I'm a perfect gentlemen.

D'AR. *(sits R.)* Hark'ye sir, we'll proceed to business at once.

HALVEI. With the greatest pleasure in life.

D'AR. By a very singular misfortune, Madame St. Claire was married to you previously to her wedding Monsieur St. Claire. Everybody thought and reported that you were dead.

HALVEI. Oh, yes, I know it was *reported* so, but dear sir, allow me to remind you of the old saying, "Common report is a common liar." In this case, you see, I am not only *alive*, but believe me, if I knew the author of the falsehood, I would be kicking also.

D'AR. Well, sir, be that as it may your wife believed you to be dead, and thinking so, contracted a second marriage. You, however, are still living, and now seek to force money from her to keep this dreadful secret; she has confided her case to me, and, unfortunately, I see no way of extricating her from the difficulty but by purchasing your secrecy.

HALVEI. Sir, you are one of the most sensible men I ever had the pleasure to converse with—an ornament to the law.

D'AR. *(slowly and deliberately)* Now, in one word, what is the lowest sum you will take to keep this secret?

HALVEI. Well, well, that's business-like and above-board—you are frank and fair in your questions—I like you for it, and will be equally *frank* and *reasonable* in my demands, therefore say at once—um—twenty thousand pounds.

D'AR. What! twenty thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!

*(laughs loudly.)*

HALVEI. Eh—what? I see you're overjoyed to find I name so low a figure—well, never mind, I told you I'd be reasonable, and now you find me generous, don't you? ha, ha, ha! You see I can even join you in your mirth—ha, ha, ha!

D'AR. (*laughs*) You're a funny fellow.

HALVEI. Ain't I?

D'AR. (*becomes suddenly serious*) Now, Monsieur Halvei—or whatever name you call yourself—hear my reply—upon condition of your quitting Lyons instantly, and never returning to it, and of your neither by word or deed making your existence known to anybody I will allow you an annuity of sixty pounds a-year, to be paid quarterly.

HALVEI. (*starts up*) What! "Sixty pounds a-year!" Sixty! "to be paid quarterly—" to live for three months upon a beggarly fifteen pounds. My good sir, are you perfectly right here, in your upper region, or are you trying, in your turn, to be "a funny fellow!" sixty pounds a-year—why, it wouldn't buy me champagne and cigars, much less afford to keep a cab and tiger. You're joking with me.

D'AR. Sir, I am serious, I assure you.

HALVEI. You are, sir! then I assure you I'm astonished at your impudence. You have the cheek of the devil, sir. What, sixty pounds! sir, it's an insult. I'll be off to St. Claire at once, and claim my blessed little wife.

D'AR. (*quietly sitting in easy chair, R. of table*) Hold! not so fast, my friend! allow yourself time to think. You will accept my offer?

HALVEI. I will not.

D'AR. You will!

HALVEI. I won't!

D'AR. I tell you, sir, you will!

HALVEI. I tell you, sir, I'll be d—d if I do, though!

D'AR. You had better not be too hasty in your decision. Remember, I know you to be as devoid of cash as you are of conscience, principle, or honesty.

HALVEI. And is it for you, a lawyer, to lecture me on honesty? Ah, here's the old tale, "The pot calling the kettle." Ah, bah!

D'AR. Consider—sixty pounds a-year to be paid quarterly, and the first quarter in advance—there now; but mark this, sirtah! (*rising and coming down, c.*) Come nearer and observe my words. If you refuse this proposal, I will instantly send for an officer of police and give you into his custody as a condemned murderer and escaped felon.

HALVEI. (*L. c.*) You don't mean that!

D'AR. I do, indeed! You will then be led back to the galleys without an hour's delay, and we shall be troubled with you no longer.

HALVEI. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! I see you are joking—Ha, ha! damme, you're a merry fellow.

D'AR. Ain't I?

HALVEI. Oh, yes, you are, indeed!

D'AR. But at the present moment I am particularly comic.

HALVEI. Amazingly—a perfect screamer. If you were on the stage, you'd convulse a whole audience.

D'AR. You think so, eh? What, make a whole theatre laugh?

HALVEI. "I believe you, my boy!" there's no resisting you.

D'AR. Well, you shall see. (*sternly and abruptly*) Will you accept my offer? your answer in one word—

HALVEI. (*in the same tone*) In one word—"No!"

(*crosses to R.*)

D'AR. (*goes up stage, R. C.*) Here—Adrian! Adrian!

(*calling off, L. D. F.*)

HALVEI. Who the devil's Adrian?

D'AR. Adrian!

HALVEI. What are you about now?

D'AR. I am going to send one of my clerks for the police, that you may be taken off at once. Adrian—where is this Adrian? (*stamping*)

HALVEI. (*stamping also*) Ah, where is this Adrian?

*Enter CLERK, R. 2 E.*

CLERK. Did you call, sir?

D'AR. (C.) I did! go with all possible speed to—

HALVEI. (*crosses C., between them*) Here, I say—don't be so fast—give a man time to think.

D'AR. (R. C.) Not another moment—you have declined my offer. Now, Adrian, go—

HALVEI. No, Adrian (*crosses C.*) stop, stop! Perhaps I may accept your offer.

D'AR. You must be quick then.

HALVEI. You said the first quarter was to be paid in advance.

D'AR. I did! (*goes up to L., of table*)

HALVEI. (*aside*) That's something; and besides the jewels I extorted from her last night—those he knows nothing about. Well, I consent—I agree—I accept your offer.

D'AR. Enough! never mind, then, Adrian—you may go!

HALVEI. Yes, you may go, Adrian, and you needn't come back again—I don't want to see you any more. Good bye, Adrian—take care of yourself.

*Exit CLERK, R. 2 E.—as he turns his back, HALVEI takes his handkerchief.*

D'AR. You know the conditions attached to our bargain. You leave Lyons to-night, and France to-morrow.

HALVEI. Sir, I have given my word, and I'll keep it like a man of honour. (*aside*) Walker!

D'AR. Then I will fetch you the money and the deed to sign.

*Exit L. D. 2 E.*

HALVEI. Now, here's a regular rascally swindle, to sell one's blessed little wife, for such a sum as that! she ought to have fetched five times as much; and so she should and would only for this infernal lawyer, who appears to know too much of my affairs. If there is one creature on the face of the earth, for whom, more than for any other, I have a supreme abhorrence, it is a paltry, pettifogging lawyer; a humbug whose fingers are always meddling with things that don't belong to him. (*taking up a book*) What have we here? "Hints on Etiquette." Um—ha! no doubt a very useful book. When a good hint is offered to a man of sense, he always takes it. (*pockets it—sees D'Arville's cloak*) That's a nice cloak, (*puts it on*) and hat to match, by Jove. There, now I look respectable. Now, really, I am sadly in want of these things, and the lawyer can very well afford to spare them. Eh? here he comes.

(*hastily throws them off.*)

*Enter D'ARVILLE, L. D. 2 E.*

My dear sir, have you brought the cash?

D'AR. I have! there is the money—here's pen and ink—now sign this document. What are you looking at?

HALVEI. This pen—it being a strong resemblance to myself.

D'AR. How so?

HALVEI. Why, it's quite out of feather. There—there's the paper signed. (*D'ARVILLE turns his back to him for a moment to pruse the paper*) My conscience still keeps whispering, "Steal this cloak and hat."

D'AR. (*rising and advancing to front of stage, L.*) Then are my dearest wishes gratified. Clara St. Claire is saved! but let me again peruse the stipulation. (*reading paper, his back to HALVEI*)

HALVEI. (*aside*) Now—now's the time—and ere to-night, the sum shall be doubled at the gaming-table. Good morning, Monsieur D'Arville! (*D'ARVILLE waves his hand haughtily*) I wish you health and happiness. I shall remember this interview as one of pleasure and profit. (*aside*) I wish you a nice new hat and cloak. *Music—Takes them and exits, R. D. F.*

D'AR. He is gone at last, and this most disagreeable affair is at length settled. How delighted will the poor lady be to hear of this.

MADAME D'ARVILLE. (*peeps in, R. D. F.*) I wonder if she's come yet.

D'AR. (*turns suddenly*) Ah, who is that at the door? Why, is it possible—my wife!

MADAME D'ARVILLE *enters*.

MADAME. Yes, D'Arville, it is your poor neglected wife.

D'AR. Zounds! now we are going to have another scene.

MADAME. (*looking round room*) I don't see anything of her.

D'AR. What are you looking round for, madame? Do you fancy I have a mistress here? Perhaps you would like to look into the wafer box and the inkstand?

MADAME. D'Arville, you are a—a—a monster.

D'AR. Madame, you're a jealous, silly woman. (*aside*) Egad, I hope Madame St. Claire will not come while she is here. Madame, I must request you not to disturb me in my profession, and beg you will retire.

MADAME. (*aside*) He is disturbed, and wishes me to go, but I shan't. (*bell rings*) This is she, no doubt. D'Arville, some one rings for you.

D'AR. Do you think I am deaf, madame? If it be she—

*Enter JOGINOT, R. D. F.*

JOGINOT. Ah, my friend, good day—good day! What Madame D'Arville here! Madame, I salute you—the pleasure of seeing you here was unexpected by me. What a pleasant party we had last night! Such dancing!

(*hums and dances.*)

MADAME. (*aside*) Now to confront my guilty husband with this man, who knows of his excesses. Monsieur d'Arville, you have frequently told me, when I have been reproaching you with unfaithfulness, which, Heaven knows I do very frequently.

(*sighs.*)

D'AR. (*sighs*) Heaven knows you do.

MADAME. You have often said, "prove my inconstancy—" I now can do so. I have now a witness to the fact of your guilt.

D'AR. You have?

MADAME. I have! behold him. (*TRIPTOLEMUS has danced up to the top of the stage, but when he hears her say this, he betrays fear, and goes behind the screen*) Ah! where is he gone to?

D'AR. The woman's mad!

(*at this moment TRIPTOLEMUS puts his head a little way beyond screen to peep, but instantly withdraws it—she sees him.*)

MADAME. Ah, there he is—there he is! I see him—I see

him! (*runs behind screen and brings him forward, c. very unwillingly*) Behold him—behold this virtuous witness of your enormities.

D'AR. Monsieur Joginôt! explain, sir—what does all this mean?

TRIPTO. Upon my life, I don't know. (*aside*) If he finds out what I've been saying about him, he'll shoot me.

MADAME. Not know! Why, Monsieur Joginôt, don't you remember what you told me last night about my husband.

TRIPTO. Can't remember a word about it. *Did* I say anything about him?

MADAME. *Did* you say! you're a pretty specimen of candour, you are. A very nice pair, truly. I'm a miserable woman—I'm a deserted, unhappy, betrayed, forlorn, dejected, heart-broken, wretched, friendless female.

*Bursts into tears and exits angrily, R. D. F.*

D'AR. Monsieur Joginôt, what have you been saying to my wife?

TRIPTO. Why, really I can hardly tell you. (*aside*) Can't tell at all, but your wife is so very jealous.

D'AR. That's very true.

TRIPTO. That she really mistakes one thing for another.

D'AR. That's true again. But now she is really gone, and I may commence business. Have you any business with me, Monsieur Joginôt?

TRIPTO. Indeed, I have, a precious piece of business, too. I want your professional advice upon a matter affecting my peace of mind—I may say affecting my life.

D'AR. Is it possible? sit down. (*they sit*)

TRIPTO. Listen with all your ears. Last night, while we were at the party at Monsieur de St. Claire's, in the ante-chamber to the ball-room—

D'AR. Well?

TRIPTO. No, it was not well—it was very ill. In that room I encountered a man.

D'AR. Pshaw!

TRIPTO. No, it wasn't pshaw—but exactly what I tell you. A man—but not a man who had come there by invitation.

D'AR. Ah!

TRIPTO. Of that I am sure!

D'AR. How do you know?

TRIPTO. His appearance—his manner convinced me of it. Why, sir, he was a regular ruffian, as big as a giant, with a pistol as long as a cannon—and he was as near as possible murdering me!

D'AR. I see it all—the villain Halvei, then, did, after all, gain admittance. Do you think any other person saw him?

TRIPTO. No, I do not!

D'AR. Have you mentioned this to any person?

TRIPTO. Not until this moment.

D'AR. (*aside*) This secret must be kept, for Madame St. Claire's sake. Joginôt, can you keep a secret?

TRIPTO. Oh dear, yes!

D'AR. Then keep this secret. Reveal to no one that you have seen this man.

TRIPTO. Oh, you think I had better not?

D'AR. Decidedly. I speak not merely as a lawyer. but as a friend, for many reasons—for your own sake do not.

TRIPTO. For my own sake? why, you don't go for to suppose that there is really any danger?

D'AR. I am certain of it!

TRIPTO. Oh, laud! what a visitation to befall a man.

D'AR. In fact, Joginôt, if you mention this to any one, you will die.

TRIPTO. Die!

D'AR. (*rises*) Yes, you will perish by my hand. (TRIPTOLEMUS *has half risen, but now, quite overpowered, sinks back into chair*) Forget not my words, for your fate is involved in them. Remain here a few minutes, and I will return.

*Music—Exit L. 2 E., as soon as TRIPTOLEMUS is left solus, he looks round, and then runs out, R. C.*

*Enter D'ARVILLE, L. 2 E.*

D'AR. And now, Monsieur Joginôt—Ah, gone? ha, ha, ha! I've frightened him famously, and by so doing have done two things. Firstly, I have secured the secret, and secondly I have punished him for whatever he said about me to my wife. (*bell*) Another visitor—this must be Madame St. Claire!

*Enter CLARA, R. C.*

My dearest madame, you are welcome.

CLARA. My generous friend, your manner and countenance give me fresh hopes. What has been done?

D'AR. It is now in my power to set your mind at rest. All is arranged. The villain Halvei leaves Lyons to-night—to-morrow France for ever.

CLARA. Oh, joy unutterable! my husband—my children thus restored to me—the dreadful cloud dissipated—joy comes back once more to my sinking heart, and paints the future with the hues of bliss. Oh, my friend, how can I sufficiently repay you?

D'AR. Say not one word. I am sufficiently repaid by the approving dictates of my conscience.

ST. CLAIRE. (*without*) D'Arville, are you within?

CLARA. (*screams and becomes agitated*) My husband!

D'AR. He enters! yon room—

CLARA. I cannot reach it. The screen! (*hides behind it*)

*Enter ST. CLAIRE, R.*

ST. C. D'Arville, do I disturb you?

D'AR. Oh, no, not in the least. (*aside*) If he sees her—finds that her constant visits have been to this house, what may he not suspect?

ST. C. I fancied I heard the voice of a female as I opened the door—you look a little confused, D'Arville. Well, well, I will no longer speak of this—I have no right to pry into your affairs, but have myself a dreadful secret to confide to you, D'Arville; I have discovered the inconstancy of my wife.

D'AR. Great Heaven!

ST. C. Yes, the mother of my children—my poor innocent babes! the mistress of my once happy home—the idolised of my heart—encourages the visits—goes to some place to meet another man.

D'AR. St. Claire, this cannot be!

ST. C. D'Arville, this *is*! it is so. From her own unconscious lips I have heard this dreadful truth. All last night she murmured in her sleep; and though I think she bitterly regrets the deed which cannot be recalled, yet still that deed has been committed, and she and I must part. (*CLARA starts and half screams*) Ha! is there any person in the room with us?

D'AR. No, no, no one!

ST. C. Hear me, D'Arville, and do not interrupt me—the worst part of this sad story is to come. D'Arville—oh, misery, that I must confess it! D'Arville, this heartless destroyer of my honour—this base deceiver of a fond, trusting, doting husband, is still, still the adored of my heart. (*CLARA sobs*) Oh, humiliating confession!—this being who could quit my arms to go to those of another—is still most madly loved by me. If I did but know the man who has torn her from me, I would hunt him through the world, nor pause for food or rest until upon his false, assassin-like heart I had done ample justice. (*crosses L.*)

D'AR. St. Claire, be calm! (*aside*) If he finds his wife behind the screen and suspects me, a fine chance I shall have.

ST. C. Let me finish this interview. When I married Clara she was very poor—her fortune, as you know, had been dissipated by a swindler named Halvei, who had married her for her money, who afterwards committed murder and died at the

galleys. Now, cruelly as she has deceived me—much as she has dishonoured me and my children, I would sooner want bread myself than know that she felt biting penury's touch, therefore I wish you to draw out a deed, by means of which I may settle on her a small annuity sufficient to provide for her wants, and I will sign it this afternoon. To-night I leave Lyons for ever. My children go with me—she must never see either them or I again. (*Music—During all this CLARA has been sobbing, but her agitation becomes violent, and now she faints and falls on stage, being partly seen by the Audience*) 'Arville, you have deceived me. There is a woman behind that screen.

D'AR. There is—I could not help it. Retire to this room—I will explain all when she is gone.

ST. C. But she has fainted, and needs instant aid!

(*offers to go towards her—he stops him.*)

D'AR. No, no, she is the wife of one of my best clients—I am pledged, even sworn to secrecy. Retire, I beg—on your honour I depend.

(*during all this he has been preventing ST. CLAIRE from going towards CLARA, and has been hurrying him towards door, R. 2 E., to which they are now close—hurries him off, R. 2 E., and locks door.*)

I'll take very good care he doesn't come out again until his wife is gone. In his present humour murder would ensue. (*Music—Goes to CLARA, raises her, puts her on chair, and holds vinai-grette to her nose—she revives slowly*) Poor lady! these events will kill her!

*Enter MADAME D'ARVILLE, R. C., and seeing them, stands horrified.*

MADAME. He has some woman with him.

CLARA. (*faintly*) Thank you—thank you!

MADAME. It is her voice!

CLARA. I am much better now.

MADAME. Better! so she's been ill.

D'AR. You must depart instantly.

MADAME. So I should think!

D'AR. Lest you be seen!

MADAME. And that would be inconvenient.

CLARA. I will go at once. Oh, D'Arville! (*weeps*) My husband! (*crosses*)

MADAME. She repents! (*aloud*) Wretched woman! (*they start and turn*) are you not ashamed of yourself?

CLARA. Madame!

D'AR. Madame, how dare you speak in this way—how dare you intrude here?

CLARA. Monsieur D'Arville, I see your wife has one of her ridiculous fits of jealousy in full play just now. I will therefore leave you without further delay. Farewell—farewell. Madame, you—you will live to regret your silly suspicions. Oh, misery! what shall—what can I do to remove my husband's dreadful doubts?

*Exit, D. R. F.*

MADAME. Matchless audacity! she actually scolds me instead of my scolding her.

D'AR. Now, madame, hear me—

ST. CLAIRE. (*within*) D'Arville! D'Arville!

MADAME. Gracious goodness! Why, that's the voice of St. Claire.

ST. CLAIRE. (*within*) You have locked the door—unlock it, and let me out.

MADAME. Locked the door! So, he locks the husband into one room for the purpose of getting the wife alone by herself in another! Well, I've heard of a good many things, but I never heard of such a thing as that before.

(D'ARVILLE unlocks door.)

*Enter ST. CLAIRE, R. D. 2 E. door.*

D'AR. (*whispers to him*) Hush, my wife is here!

ST. C. Was it she who fainted?

D'AR. (*aside*) Capital idea. Yes, it was.

ST. C. Madame, I hope you are better.

D'AR. (*aside*) Oh, zounds!

MADAME. (*aside*) Better! I'm in a maze—but I'll find my way out of it. Sir, you are wrong—the lady who was ill, was not me, although, I dare say, it answers his purpose to tell you so—the lady who was ill—no doubt overpowered with remorse—was—

D'AR. Wife!

MADAME. Was Madame St. Claire.

ST. C. Madame St. Claire! My wife—my wife!

D'AR. (*aside to MADAME*) Fool—fool! you will drive him mad—he will murder us both.

MADAME. Oh, dear—I hope not!

D'AR. My wife, did you say?

MADAME. I'm not certain—I did not see her face—I might be mistaken—I think I am mistaken.

ST. C. (*bitterly*) Do you? I'll to my home, and seek out this truth—perhaps she is here yet. (*goes to screen and throws it down*) No, the cunning lawyer has got her out. What's this? (*picks up broken bracelet*) A broken bracelet! this came from her arm, then, when she fainted and fell. 'Tis very like one that my wife wears. This is an evidence! My brain whirls!

and consciousness totters to its base. (*goes to table to take his hat, which he had placed there, and sees the note given by HALVEI to D'ARVILLE*) A note, in my wife's handwriting. (*snatches, and reads hurriedly*) "I will be at your house soon after noon." I am dishonoured, and by my bosom friend! perdition! D'Arville—liar! false coward! (*draws pistol—MADAME screams*) With thy heart's blood I wash out the blot upon my name.

(*Music—Darts towards D'ARVILLE—MADAME screams, and stops him, c., by suddenly falling on her knees at his feet, and clasping his legs*)

MADAME. Mercy—mercy for my husband!

(*ST. CLAIRE, finding that he cannot get away for a moment, and that D'ARVILLE is getting to the door to obtain assistance, fires at him—MADAME, with a scream, suddenly forces his arm up, and the shot misses—Tableau formed—ST. CLAIRE as described—MADAME on her knees near him—D'ARVILLE at door, L. 2 E., holding it partly open, as though calling for aid.*)

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

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## ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Gardens attached to the House of St. Claire. A wall, overgrown with ivy, crosses stage at back—in centre of which, is an antique doorway—a flight of steps ascending to the gate, which opens on a terrace—Chairs, statues, and flower vases.*

*Enter CLARA, followed by JEAN, R.*

JEAN. Yes, madame, my master has been out all the morning.

CLARA. (*aside*) Out all the morning! I trust I escaped undiscovered.

JEAN. And what is a very singular thing is, that I haven't the least idea where he is gone to.

CLARA. You! why, how should you know anything about it?

JEAN. Oh, madame, we clever people know everything. Though I say it myself, Monsieur St. Claire has a priceless jewel in Jean Morèt, my most worthy self.

CLARA. (*laughs*) Upon my word, you have formed a most excellent opinion of yourself I perceive!

JEAN. Madame, all clever people do. We know our own worth, although, too frequently, we are underrated by others. (*aside*) I flatter myself that was very well said.

CLARA. Leave me, sir.

JEAN. Madame, I obey. (*aside*) When I'm dead, they will feel the treasure they have lost. *Exit, L. U. E.*

CLARA. My husband approaches—there is something in his manner that fills my soul with dread. Ah, now he is joined by that silly fellow, Joginôt—I could not bear that man's company at this moment! I will retire, and when he is gone, will meet St. Claire, and know my fate at once. *Music—Exit, L.*

*Enter ST. CLAIRE, impatiently, followed by TRIPTOLEMUS, R. 1 E.*

ST. C. Do you not hear me—do you not comprehend me? I beg you will leave me, I desire to be alone.

TRIPTO. I do hear you—I do comprehend you. But why don't you hear me—why don't you comprehend me in return? Don't I tell you that I have a dreadful secret to confide to you.

ST. C. A secret!

TRIPTO. A secret that's weighing me down to the earth, and keeping me sticking in the mud. Now only listen for a minute—it concerns you

ST. C. Me!

TRIPTO. Yes, you! I run a frightful risk in telling you.

ST. C. A risk?

TRIPTO. Risk's the word. But I don't mind that, for I think you ought to know.

ST. C. Go on.

TRIPTO. Last night, in your house, I saw a man.

ST. C. There were many men there.

TRIPTO. Ah, you mean the party—but your party is not the party I mean. I'm sure he never was invited by you.

ST. C. Ha!

TRIPTO. Secrecy was evidently his object.

ST. C. Indeed!

TRIPTO. For when he found that I saw him, he begged me to say nothing about his being there, in the most abject terms, and seemed very much frightened.

ST. C. Where did you see him?

TRIPTO. In the ante-chamber to the ball room, and he went through that door next to which stands the statue of Venus.

ST. C. (*aside*) The very way to my wife's dressing room. Ha, ha! agitation of last night. This man, then, was *her* visitor, not mine. I would rather that her shame was kept secret if it be possible—still do I love her too well to desire her utter ruin. Harkye, Joginôt—have you mentioned this to any one?

TRIPTO. Only to one person—the advocate, D'Arville. And only judge of my surprise, when he beseeched me to keep the matter secret.

ST. C. (*bitterly*) Of course he would.

TRIPTO. Yes, actually went on his knees to me.

ST. C. No doubt.

TRIPTO. No doubt! (*aside*) Egad, I think he'd throw a very strong doubt upon it.

ST. C. Then now listen, sir—I likewise desire this circumstance should not be named.

TRIPTO. Oh, do you?

ST. C. I do—and would recommend you, for your own sake, to be silent about it.

TRIPTO. For my own sake! What, do you think there is any danger in mentioning it?

ST. C. Great—imminent danger.

TRIPTO. Oh, good gracious me!

ST. C. In fact, if you name it you will die.

TRIPTO. Die!

ST. C. Yes, die—by my hand.

TRIPTO. I'm half dead already.

ST. C. You will be silent?

TRIPTO. Silent as the grave—to which I am to go if I speak!

ST. C. Enough. Ah, my wife! Stay here a few moments. (*aside*) I will go to meet her.

*Turns and goes up—as soon as TRIPTOLEMUS sees that no one looks at him, he runs out hastily, R.*

She is here. (*turns*) Ah, the idiot is gone! Then here let us have our last interview.

*Enter CLARA, L. U. E.—she comes down.*

CLARA. Good morning, dear Lyonet.

ST. C. (*bows*) Good morning, madame.

CLARA. Madame! You are cold and distant—have I offended you?

ST. C. I have just heard a story of mingled crime and perfidy, and desolation, which has soured my temper, and seared my heart.

CLARA. Where heard you this story?

ST. C. At D'Arville's chambers. It is one of a female—a beloved wife—by her friends respected—by her husband adored, who, suffering grovelling passions to sway her once unspotted mind, forfeits her honour—her husband's honour, and what makes the circumstance still more appalling is, that the partner of her crime is that husband's dearest friend.

CLARA. Dreadful! (*aside*) Does he allude to me? If so, who, besides, does he now refer to?

ST. C. I am glad to hear *you* think it dreadful.

CLARA. Is there one living being who would *not* think it so? Oh, St. Claire, why do you regard me thus? why are you so cold? There is some mystery in all this—tell me at once its meaning. Who is this female you have spoken of who thus degrades herself and her family—nay, her very sex?—who is she?

ST. C. You!

CLARA. Me?

ST. C. You, Madame St. Claire—you, the wife of one whose honest name for centuries handed down to him, is now destined to be for ever sullied. Fie, fie upon you! you are unfaithful!

CLARA. (*passionately*) St. Claire, you are the father of my darling girls—I have sworn to honour and obey you—you are my husband—but if every sacred tie was bound within you, if you were my father, brother, husband—all, and told me I had broken my bridal vows, I would say as I do now to you—'tis false. (*crosses, R.*)

ST. C. (*frantically*) Ha, ha, ha! well done—well done truly. That is what poets call the warmth of injured innocence. Ha, ha, ha! Answer me, madame—(*fiercely*) have you been to D'Arville's chambers to-day? You start, but do not speak—answer me, say you have not—do—do deny it—pray do. Ha, ha, ha! pray deny it!

CLARA. (*aside*) What—what will become of me?

ST. C. You do not deny it then? Come, there's some sense of shame left still! You have been there—my presence alarmed you—he secreted you behind a screen, there unseen, you heard my good intentions towards you, and remorse caused you to weep and faint. I am not unjust, you see—I admit you have remorse. Woman, when she has been as good as you have been, rarely becomes bad all at once. Do you deny this? Ha, ha, ha! not a word! you have but one bracelet, where did you lose the other? Where I found it—in the chambers of Monsieur D'Arville. (CLARA *half screams*) There it is, I picked it up behind that screen—there's damning evidence!

CLARA. Lost—lost!

ST. C. (*with letter*) Here is your letter to D'Arville appointing to meet him at his chambers. Ha, ha, ha! oh, you are a faithful wife. Now take my solemn curse—

CLARA. No, no, no—do not—do not curse me! (*falls at his feet*) St. Claire, in those dreadful eyes I read my fate—I know—I see I am to die—kill me, then—kill me, for I am innocent, and innocence knows not death—kill me, St. Claire, if you desire it—but let it be with your dagger, and not with your curse. (*falls to stage*)

ST. C. Rise, madame—you need not fear me, in that manner—I have no intention of doing a murder. (*raises her*) 'Tis true, that when I discovered my miserable fate, I should, in the burst of my frantic transport, have killed the man who caused it, had I not been prevented.

CLARA. Oh, my husband!

ST. C. But I'll have his heart's blood yet, and that ere midnight.

CLARA. To whom do you allude?

ST. C. To you paramour, D'Arville!

CLARA. As there is a heaven above, both he and I are innocent.

ST. C. Indeed! I shall not murder him—we shall meet in equal combat. Perhaps he may kill me, and then you and he can live honourably together.

Mus c—CLARA kneels—ST. CLAIRE rushes out, L.—closed in by

SCENE SECOND.—*Picturesque Street in Lyons—music to open scene—stage dark. (2nd grooves)*

HALVEI enters wildly from L.—he is now dressed elegantly.

HALVEI. Eternal curses on such luck as that!—black—black—black—nothing but black! I thought the luck must surely change at last, staked heavily, and now have lost everything—money, jewels, the cash I received from the advocate—all—all gone! What's to be done now? what's this in my pocket? I thought I had nothing left there! (*produces key*) A key! how did I get possessed of this? Ha! I remember, 'tis the key to the garden gate of St. Claire's house! I took it last night, thinking it might some time or other be of use. Lucky thought! I'll go there again—this will admit me to the garden, thence I can climb in at the window from whence I escaped last night. She has more money and more jewels—I am her lawful husband—what's her property is mine. What's the use of getting married if you can't do as you like with your own wife? I'll have 'em all, and then when I've stripped her of everything, she can tell her husband. Poor devil! I won't trouble her any more! (*TRIPTOLEMUS sings and laughs within, L.*) Some one comes! Ha, one of the fellows who has been winning from me.

*Enter TRIPTOLEMUS from L., laughing.*

Aha, my chuckling friend, I'll spoil your grinning presently.

TRIPTO. Well, I declare! how lucky I have been—I've been winning all the evening. (*crosses R.*)

HALVEI. (*aside*) Yes, from me, and be cursed to you.

TRIPTO. Never won so much before—really 'tis better to win than to lose. (*crosses L.*)

HALVEI. I should rather think it was, indeed!

TRIPTO. In fact, when I look at this heavy purse and feel that it is securely mine, I may say it's delightful—it's—

HALVEI. Oh, damnably delightful, but as it happens they are not "securely yours."

TRIPTO. But what struck me as being odd was that that dark-looking stranger who lost so much money, and who swore so much about it, has been seen by me somewhere before, but where—where was it? I can't recollect.

HALVEI. I'll try to refresh your memory. There's no one about—I'll rob him. (*comes down, R.*) Hillo, my man!

TRIPTO. (*trying to laugh*) Hil-lo—my—boy!

HALVEI. (*haughtily*) Less familiarity, if you please—I pre-

sume you have a perfect recollection of having met me before this evening?

TRIPTO. Why, not exactly: and yet it somehow seems as if—

HALVEI. Precisely so; it seems as if you *had* that honour, but don't remember where. I'll tell you, then—It was at the house of Monsieur St. Claire, where you were induced to enter into my confidence by this short, but most convincing argument. (*shows pistol*)

TRIPTO. Oh, lord! I know him now! and now I suppose I'm to "die by his hand"—unhappy wretch that I am—too well do I remember him—he's No. 1—Monsieur D'Arville No. 2—Monsieur St. Claire No. 3, I shall be butchered three times over.

HALVEI. Now, sir, as I imagine you have had no reason to think me a man who, under any circumstances, will submit to be trifled with, I take the liberty of informing you that you have won more money from me to-night than I can conveniently afford to part with—I'll trouble you therefore to hand it back again.

TRIPTO. Eh, what? what's that you say?—return the money I have fairly won? the devil!

HALVEI. If you do not return the money you have now, I'll "fairly" send you to the devil! come!

TRIPTO. Sir, sir! I took you for a gentleman who would scorn to be guilty of an act like this.

HALVEI. I *am* guilty of it, though—you were mistaken—I took you for a fool—I'm not mistaken.

TRIPTO. Eh—what? oh, ah, I see—you're only jesting.

HALVEI. Oh, "only jesting," am I? harkye, my friend—were I inclined for mirth, this is the *joke* that I'd be sure to crack. (*touching TRIPTOLEMUS's head*) At present, however, I am not inclined for such *childish fun*.

TRIPTO. Nor I, upon my soul. (*touching his head*)

HALVEI. So now at once to business—return my cash.

TRIPTO. Your cash! nay, have some conscience—(*HALVEI shows a dagger*) Well, well, I suppose I must, but surely you'll allow me to retain a part—one purse—take *half*.

HALVEI. All—not a farthing less—tip! One moment longer—

TRIPTO. Oh, murder! (*falling on his knees*) pray don't be in such a hurry—I'll return the money this very instant; but don't—don't look at me in that way—there—there's the money. Ah! (*gives him two purses, with a deep sigh*)

HALVEI. Umph! and this is all you have about you?

TRIPTO. All!

HALVEI. Yes, all!

TRIPTO. What *do* you mean?

HALVEI. My meaning's very plain. This is the cash you won of me; but where is that you staked against it?

TRIPTO. (*trembling*) Wh—why—in—in—my other poc—pocket.

HALVEI. Out with it, then.

TRIPTO. Out with it! why, what for?

HALVEI. I want it.

TRIPTO. (*blubbling*) So do I! (*HALVEI shows pistol*) Oh, my precious life!

HALVEI. What, do you hesitate? now mark me well. If that same precious life of yours is worth the paltry sum you have about you, deliver it up on the instant. If not, I'll first of all stab you to the heart, rifle your pockets of every single coin, then throw your wretched carcass in the river yonder.

TRIPTO. (*horrified*) N—no—pray do—don't! I—I'll gi—give you all my money—i—if you'll spare my life!

HALVEI. Quick, then—don't keep me waiting!

TRIPTO. Oh what an unfortunate creature I am—and what a horrible cannibal-minded wretch is he. Ha! what do I see? (*looking off, L. 2 E.*) A party of soldiers coming down the street, huzza! I shall save my money! Sir, I shall not return the money—I won't submit to be robbed—(*blustering, aside*) when there's] a squad of soldiers at my elbow, I'm a brave man! (*HALVEI rushes at him*) Here—police, police! (*crosses R.*)

HALVEI. The soldiers here! Zounds, I shall be taken—there's but one chance left! (*making a dart at TRIPTOLEMUS, and calling out*) Police—police!

TRIPTO. (*avoiding him, and crossing R.*) Murder!

HALVEI. Thievery!

TRIPTO. Robbery!

BOTH. Help! help!

*Business ad libitum*—HALVEI seizes TRIPTOLEMUS, forces the dagger into his hand, and holds him c., as the SOLDIERS enter, L. 2 E.

OFFICER. (*crosses behind R.*) How now! what means this outcry?

HALVEI. Oh, captain, thank Heaven you have arrived to save me! Seize on the wretch—he has attempted to murder me—behold the deadly weapon in his hand! (*the SOLDIERS seize and drag him to L.*)

OFFICER. Secure him, lads, and see that he escapes not.

TRIPTO. I shall go mad—captain and gentlemen—oh, you villain—you bodysnatcher—I say, Officer, it was that fellow who attempted to rob and murder me!

HALVEI. You hear this, gentlemen—you hear what the villain says—even with the instrument of death in his grasp! But for this bare-faced hypocrisy, I might have interceded for the wretch—but now let the law take its course—away with him!

TRIPTO. You shan't away with me! He threatened to do away with me if I didn't give him all my money, and now he pretends that I wanted to do the same to him—I'm a gentleman and—

HALVEI. A gentleman! You are a depraved—a blood-thirsty and abandoned wretch—instead of being grateful to Providence which has prevented you from committing the awful crime of murder—you add to your enormous guilt by striving to shift it on your intended victim! Oh, shameless, wicked creature!

TRIPTO. Why, you canting, impudent, rascally hound!

HALVEI. This is beyond endurance—you—you murderous, sacrilegious, shameless vagabond!

TRIPTO. You! you! I shall choke! You swindler!

HALVEI. Scoundrel!

TRIPTO. Imposter! Cheat!

HALVEI. Thief! Thief and liar!

OFFICER. Silence on both sides! State in a few words, sir, what is your charge against this man?

HALVEI. 'Tis briefly thus, sir—as I was walking homeward on my return from church, absorbed in meditation on the eloquent sermon I had heard, I was assaulted by this highway robber, who, with the most awful oaths, demanded my money or my life! Having no less than two purses full of gold about me, I resolved not to part with them without a struggle. I therefore attempted to grapple with the ruffian, but with the fury of a tiger he darted on me, seized me by the throat, and was about to plunge his poignard into my heart, when the sound of your approach alarm'd him—he endeavoured to escape, but thanks to Heaven you have arrived in time to seize the murderous wretch, and give him up to justice!

TRIPTO. (*utterly overpowered*) I'm dead and buried!

CAPTAIN. The case is clear enough—off with him, lads—hanging's too good for him!

TRIPTO. Oh, mercy! Captain, only hear me!

HALVEI. Ah, villain! 'tis too late now to call for mercy—

drag him away—to prison with him! (*Music—He is dragged off, L. 2 E., bellowing—HALVEI watches them off stage, then bursts into a hearty laugh*) So, so, without vanity I think I may say that was most admirably managed—poor devil, how he bel-lowed—I must be speedy though in my decision—the truth must be soon discovered, and as the devil would have it, that officer was the very man who seven years ago had me in his custody for murder, tho' in this dress he didn't recognise me! I must be off—I'll go to St. Claire's house without delay—there I can lie in secret and unsuspected until to-morrow night, and then Clara must find me means to escape! (*noise without*) As I sus-pected—the cheat has been discovered, and they return to look for me! Look on, my lads—you will be clever if you find me—now one bold effort more, and then farewell to France and to my blessed little wife! *Music—HALVEI exits hastily, R.*

*Enter SOLDIERS, OFFICER, and TRIPTOLEMUS, L. 2. E.*

TRIPTO. Don't talk to me, fellow, about your regrets—think of my regrets! To seize me, a respectable Lyonnese gentleman, at the request of a common robber like that!

OFFICER I offer you my condolences—

TRIPTO. Curse your condolences!

OFFICER. I am almost certain that fellow who has ran away is an escaped galley slave.

TRIPTO. And I am quite certain he's an escaped robber—if I hadn't been as bold as a lion, I should have been murdered by him

OFFICER. I wish I knew which road he would take.

TRIPTO. Why he must have gone down there—(R.) for it is the only turning. As to where he would go afterwards—why, I say, between you and me, I saw him last night—

OFFICER. Where?

TRIPTO. I must not tell.

OFFICER. Why not?

TRIPTO. Because if I do, I am to perish by the hands of three different gentlemen.

OFFICER. Pshaw, tell me in confidence.

TRIPTO. In confidence—you won't tell I told you—you won't, upon your life?—or rather upon my life.

OFFICER. Upon my life.

TRIPTO. Well, then, it was at the house of Monsieur St. Claire, of the Rue Fosses.

OFFICER. A very unlikely place I should think to find an

escaped felon at. However, as I shall search all over the city for the villain, that house shall not be forgotten. Of course you will accompany us, Monsieur Joginôt.

TRIPTO. Oh, of course. (*aside*) Of course I shan't.

(*Music—Exeunt all, R.—in another moment, TRIPTOLEMUS runs hastily across stage, and exits, L.*)

ST. CLAIRE is discovered, partly enveloped in a cloak, and holding pistols in his hand—church clock strikes twelve as scene opens.

ST. C. Eleven—twelve. He comes not—he is past his time! But he will come—for D'Arville, villain though he be, is not a coward. I said I would have his blood ere midnight. Well, well, a few minutes more—but perhaps he will slay me! and if so, what care I? My children—my brother will take them—and I have left them ample fortunes. Clara! I must not think of her, or it will palsy my arm. In a few minutes—perhaps moments, and the destroyer of my happiness will be before me. Ha, how I shall gloat upon his dying anguish!

*Enter CLARA, hurriedly, L.*

CLARA. He went this way. Too well can I guess his dreadful errand! Ha, Lyonnet—my lord—my life! oh, relinquish this frightful purpose.

ST. C. Madame, why are you here?

CLARA. To save you the infliction of an awful crime. Oh, Lyonnet, what shall I say—how shall I swear to prove my innocence?

ST. C. Swear not—'tis needless—useless.

CLARA. Oh, Heaven! what crime have I committed that I deserve punishment like this?

ST. C. Madame, retire—go to your chamber. When I have met your lover—if he kill me not, I will come to you, recount the manner of his death, and for ever release you from my hateful presence.

CLARA. (*sobs*) Hateful! you are my beloved husband—you are the only man on whom I ever looked for one moment with affection. Hateful!

ST. C. Hypocrite!

CLARA. No, I am not an hypocrite—I am your true and loving wife—your—

ST. C. (*interrupts*) Hush, I hear footsteps!

CLARA. Oh, mercy!

ST. C. Away—away to your chamber. 'Tis here, on this very spot we are to fight.

CLARA. I will not move.

ST. C. Then stay, and see him slain. He comes—I have given him one of the keys which unlock yon gate. Ha! he uses it.

CLARA. You shall not slay him—you shall not peril your own existence. *(throws herself at his feet)* Kill me—kill me! but not he or yourself.

ST. C. Hence! *(CLARA seizes the pistols—he retaining hold likewise of them—Music)* Loose the pistols!

CLARA. Never. I will alarm the neighbourhood. Mercy—mercy! help—help!

ST. C. Loose the pistols!

*(Music—He tries to force himself and the pistols from her—she firmly retains her hold—he drags her across the stage, and at length, in the violent struggle, one of the pistols accidentally goes off.)*

*At that moment, HALVEI, having unlocked the gate, enters, and receiving the contents of the pistol, staggers forward, and falls c.—D'ARVILLE also enters from gate after him—OFFICER and GEND'ARMES likewise from gate—SERVANTS enter, variously, some with lighted torches.—Picture.*

D'AR. (R.) Soldiers, behold your prisoner.

ST. C. (R. corner) Powers of heaven! this man—

CLARA. (L. C.) My persecutor—Halvei!

ST. C. Halvei! her first husband living! I see it all.

D'AR. Yes, Halvei, the escaped convict—the galley slave!

St. Claire, this is the wretch to whom you owe all your misery—chance has avenged you on him, and proved the innocence of your poor wife.

HALVEI. *(gasping, and supported c., by Two SOLDIERS)* Here—here's a wonder—a lawyer speaking truth! You're right, old fellow—but I shan't be strangled by the law—no hanging holiday for your rascally rabble—no dangling in the air for mobs to shout and yell at! No, no—the pill I've swallowed will quickly settle my complaint, without Jack Ketch's help—yet I'll go gaily off the board. Huzza, huzza! shout—shout, ye devils! Come, another game—I lost on black, and now I'll bet on red. *(passes his hands deliriously across his brow, they become stained with blood)* Red—red it is—d'ye see it. Ah, but it changes now to black, and now—*(his eye wandering round)* Aha! my rival—and Clara, too! All's over, wench, my—my last game's played, and he—*(points down)* he's waiting for the stakes. I—I dare not ask for you to forgive me—yet—

CLARA. From my soul I do, unhappy man.

HALVEI. Then ble—bless you, I was about to say—but, no, no, no—'twon't do—a blessing from my lips would prove more t'other. One favour, girl—the last—let me look on your face, and press your hand before I die—you'll not refuse me? No—(to ST. CLAIRE) that's well—that's well. Eh? but how dark it grows! yet though its pleasant—through the chilling mists, to see this gentle face look kindly on me—and now fare-well to earth—a long, a last good night to my bless—ed—lit—tle—wife! (*Music—Falls dead.—Tableau, the moon shining strongly on the group*)

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